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### THE PHILANTHROPIC SPENDTHRIFT

Thrift and economy are preached at all times and on all occasions. Just now England is telling her people to economize; that the great struggle the country is engaged in demands this, and they must, if true patriots, respond. Is this wisdom or otherwise?

Thrift is all right and so is economy, but it depends entirely on the circumstances and conditions of individuals. To the small wage earners those who at the best have to watch expenditures closely in order to make ends meet, economy and careful spending are necessary; but this class generally needs no advice on the subject, having it impressed on them by their condition, and by the merchants with whom they deal.

It becomes an entirely different matter when it comes to the wealthy. When they economize and grow "tight" hard times are at hand.

The praises of the economical and saving have been sung so long and so loudly that it is high time the spendthrift received proper recognition.

It is "money that makes the world go round," and it is the spendthrift that puts and keeps the money in circulation, so here's three cheers and a tiger to the fellow that has money and spends it.

Money is "the circulating medium," and the spendthrift is the medium for circulating it. Nature recognizes this fact and every family that has grown rich by saving and industry in the course of a generation or two develops a spendthrift who scatters the carefully garnered hoard and sends it back into the pockets of the wage earner where it will do the most good. When a man indulges in a luxuriant wardrobe just because he can afford it he is doing something for the great mass of mankind for he is providing work for those who need it. It is the spendthrift who pays for flowers, music and dancers at his meals, all of which he could get along without well enough, but he has the money, and instead of sitting tight on it he sends it back into the channels of trade where it belongs and so gives employment to those who otherwise might be in need.

The more money there is spent the better times are, and yet instead of encouraging the spendthrift in his laudable efforts to keep the gudgeons of industry well greased and the machinery of business running smoothly, we hold him up as a fearful example. He is the enemy of no man unless it is himself, and yet he is pointed out as a warning to others. Suppose he goes broke in his efforts, has he injured anyone but himself? And if he does, has he traveled along an unmarked or lonesome road? Of course he might spend his money for evil purposes or for those which would injure himself or others, but that part of it is not defended. A man can be a fool and a miser at the same time just as he can be a fool and a spendthrift. We are speaking of innocent, even though foolish expenditures, not criminal or quasi criminal ones. Lucullus, who gave a feast to his friends and served canary birds' tongues as one of the dishes, outside of the cruelty to the birds did better than he would to have pulled his purse strings tight and served corned beef and cabbage instead.

He did not need the canaries' tongues nor did his friends; but he had the money and he put it back into circulation. We have just had a period of enforced saving and economy and surely it was not and is not (for it is not yet entirely vanished from the coast) anything that we desire any more of than we can help.

As the starter for this period of depression, the railroads and big companies began to practice economy, they bought no ties for their roads, but let them deteriorate to save expenses and the Oregon mills shut down. With this industry closed, lots of others beside the mill employes began to practice economy, because they had to. Every business soon felt the effect of it.

If England insists on her people getting economical she will have a period of stagnation on her hands when

the war closes just like we had before the war started and during it.

If John D. Rockefeller should suddenly turn spendthrift business would boom while his money lasted, and the same thing will happen in England if the big land holders keep spending their money and giving labor a chance at it. If they do this, business will boom and the interest on the war debt be that much more easily raised.

When the rich all practice economy, God help the poor. Let New York spend \$10,000,000 a year for poodles if she wants to, for it will not only boom the poodle dog industry but incidentally others, for that much money cannot be spent without helping the wheels of industry to turn.

If everyone was thrifty and economical it would be a hard old world for there would be nothing spent except for the absolute necessities of life. God bless the spendthrift, give him more money in his purse and multiply his family. He is the oil on the bearings, the steam in the cylinder, the thread on the screw, the gas in the balloon, the powder in the gun, the gasoline in the auto, the electric "juice" on the wire, the lever under business, and is altogether lovely and above price.

The Teutons and Bulgars are driving the allies back to the Greek frontier, and when the latter once cross into its territory Greece will either be forced to intern them or have trouble with the central allies. It is not conceivable that Germany will put up with allowing the allies to use Greek territory to hide in and to make forays from. It appears that Constantine will have to soon take sides and it seems probable, judging from his recent actions, that he will side with his wife's relations.

According to the dispatches yesterday Germany is planning to send an army of half a million Germans and Turks in a campaign against India. That the army will be composed mostly of Turks goes without saying, and so does it that England will have to wake up and get some of that army of two or more millions she has at home out in the front. With this campaign started it would be up to England to meet it alone and it would keep her busy.

German Consul Bopp plaintively asserts that he does not like this country any more and says he will be glad to get out of it. This is really regrettable for the country will miss him sadly. It will seem most awfully lonesome when he no longer paddles in our rain water barrel and refuses to swing on our gate. Still if he feels that way about it we will have to let him take his dishes and doll baby and go home. Sad, isn't it?

One of Villa's generals is said to have had fourteen women shot, but whether as spies or for no reason at all the dispatches do not say. No one paid any attention to the statement for the reason that no one believes anything in the way of news coming from Mexico, and especially if it is against Villa. He has been killed so many times that he ought to be harmless by this time.

Uncle Samuel refused to accept the Cuban exposition building as a present at the close of the fair, and also declined twice to accept the Oregon building which was offered the old gentleman for his soldier boys to use as a club house. Now that the building has been bid for by private parties our uncle changes his mind and would like to have the "finest structure on the grounds."

Mr. Crowley's lawyer tries to show that his client cannot be guilty of conspiring against the United States because the British had violated the laws of this country and had not been punished for so doing. This is the kind of a defense a devil fish puts up; discolors the water around himself and so escapes.

And now Salem is to have three postoffices. That is going some, but sad to relate, it is stated there will be no "civil service" in connection with them. Every fellow will have to lick his own stamps or the postmaster; and parcels will have to be taken to the old office just as of yore.



**Rippling Rhymes**  
by Walt Mason

**GASOLINE**  
I used to pay the grocer's bill whenever it was due, and in the butcher's yawning till, the coin I promptly threw. But now in vain they plead and moan, to get my good long green! for every dollar that I own, I need for gasoline. My children used to wear good clothes, they held their heads up high; no leaky shoes exposed their toes, no rents could you decry. But now they're images of woe, they're blots upon the scene; for every coin I get must go to buy some gasoline. I used to often blow a plunk, at charity's behest, to give some wanderer a bunk, wherein his bones might rest. To furnish breakfast for some bo, road-weary, starved and lean, but now my dollars all must go to purchase gasoline. I used to talk of books and art, and topics safe and sane; but since I bought that choo-choo cart, I've "motors" on the brain. I cannot even spare a dime to buy a magazine; it keeps me hustling all the time, to buy my gasoline.



### A Galley o' Fun!

**RUBAIYAT OF THE EX-PAN.**  
Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent  
The baseball park, where pleasant hours I spent  
In hurling bottles, rocks, and other junk—  
Attempting to destroy the umpire gent.

One day the Umpire person threw a fit;  
They called a cab and threw him into it.  
Then unto me the Manager did yell:  
"Say, Kiddo, wilt thou Umpire?"  
And I bit!

Whercat, some one of the loquacious lot  
At my first rank decision waxed hot,  
And to his Fellow Criminals did shout:  
"Let's kill the crooked Geezer on the spot!"

With them the Seeds of Wisdom did I sow;  
I tried to bluff—but couldn't make it go;  
And when the smoke and dust had cleared away  
I found myself and shoulder-blade de trop.

A book of verses, underneath the bough,  
Is all the sport my doctors will allow,  
And when wild fans approach me I declare  
I never cared for baseball anyhow.  
Harve Parsons

### AFTER THE HOBBLE.



Learning to walk again.

### MODERN DEFINITIONS.

**The Baby.**  
A baby is a small person about which there is great diversity of opinion. This is because every baby is considered perfect by the parents and a perfect nuisance by everyone else. There is really nothing new about the baby. Its institution dates back to the beginning of the world, and at that time it was a garden production. The garden idea, however, is now obsolete, and for many years the baby has been grown in the house with early transplantings to the sunlight.

Every baby has a good voice, a distinct resemblance to some rich relative and an afternoon nap. The voice is heard by everyone, but the resemblance is heard chiefly by the rich relative. The afternoon nap is heard of everywhere as being necessary to the baby, but sometimes the nap is more honored in the breach than in the observance. After the nap the baby is unable to understand why it should be expected to sleep again at night, and everyone else is unable to understand why it should want to stay awake. The baby's decision, however, always carries the day—on rather the night.

There are millions of babies, but only two kinds—boys and girls. The boy baby is always the maternal and paternal selection for the Presidential chair, and the girl baby is expected to some day become the wife of a gentle and loving millionaire who will do his best to appreciate her. Later on the Presidential nominee develops a strong desire to become a notoroman, and the future millionaire's wife is seen to blush at the mentioning of the plumber's son. The fond parents sigh gently. In point of looks, likewise, babies generally bear a strong resemblance to their well-financed and unencumbered relatives.

Fashions may come and fashion may go—but babies will always be in style.  
William Sanford.

### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

She—I can't cook, but we could hire somebody to do that.  
He—And I can't make money, but we could hire somebody to do that.

### OUT OF TOUCH.



The Professor.—Did you ever notice how Ecclesiastes corresponds with Omar Khayyam?  
Aunt Hepzibah.—No, I hain't kept much track of scandals since I stopped workin' at the postoffice!

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## Fresh Air and Exercise Are All Women Really Need, Says Margaret Illington



MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON.

Miss Margaret Illington, who is starring this season in Henry Arthur Jones' big play "The Lie," believes that one reason why players keep their health and youth longer than most people is that they get just about the right proportion of physical and mental exercise, much of it being taken on the stages of theaters, where, as a rule, ventilation is particularly good. She herself is a great believer in fresh air. Miss Illington is still a young woman and vibrant with life. Her recommendation to her sex is exercise—long walks every day because they freshen and stimulate, simple food and proper rest and relaxation.

"All this talk about beauty doctors," says Miss Illington, "dieting and the different cures are not necessary at all if women would only get out in the open air more and not lounge about the house the way they do. I really believe the telephone has a lot to do with the way women are complaining nowadays about their nerves and not 'feeling good.' Before the advent of the telephone, when our grandmothers and the young girl who was at the head of the family would dress and go out to market and do their errands, there were never so many complaints about physical condition. Nowadays, the women of the house pick up the telephone and order from the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, everything that is necessary for the household, and they never think of going out of doors except to do their personal shopping. The average afternoon is spent in the automobile, either making calls or taking a short ride. True, they are out in the air while they are in the machine, but it is the exercise—leg exercise—women need to keep us well. The old 'at home' days when a woman would go out, make as many calls as she could of an afternoon and come home dead tired, all the better for it, are no more. Now, it's a chat over the telephone with your dearest friend and you see her at the next bridge party."

Miss Illington is herself a very democratic young woman—perhaps more so than her sister players. There are no frills or furbelows about her. She never wears a stay and goes in for all kinds of athletics. At her beautiful country home, "Dream Lake," in the Westchester hills, New York, which embraces 178 acres, there are wooded hills for her to climb, a lake upon which she can canoe, tennis courts and a hand ball court. Miss Illington rides her favorite horse, a handsome Kentucky bred sorrel, every morning before breakfast. Although she has four automobiles at her command, none of them is seldom used, and she only takes a taxicab when traveling. Nor does she give up her exercising when on the road. The medicine ball is always packed in her trunk, and a favorite occupation is to take a trolley car to the end of the line and then a long "hike" through the country. She is seldom to be found at her hotel except when eating or sleeping and, the latter she demands at least nine hours.

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